

FROM FAR FOREIGN FIELDS.

BRITISH CAPITALISTS AIR THEIR OPINIONS FOR JAY GOULD'S BENEFIT.

The Latest Suggestion in Connection With the Proposed International Copyright—The Chapel Built by Empress Eugenie—Vanderbilt Buys the King of Bavaria's Furniture—Mr. Persico's Reports.

The capitalists of the Old World are not willing to believe that the visit paid them by Jay Gould has no more than pleasure for its object. His presence has given inspiration to the financial writers of England, and the result is an apparently interminable outpour of what they know and what they do not know of the management of American railroads. The general tone of this stream of financial matters sings in protest against the system which makes debenture holders all supreme, and gives scope to unscrupulous railroad financiers to manipulate, in ways best known to themselves, for possession, by foreclosures and assessments, of the property they so greedily covet. The English investors, too, like to receive a dividend in keeping with the raffle returns, and they take occasion to declare that if certain American lines do not resume the payment of dividends, and if certain other lines do not increase their cash returns, British capital will be withdrawn and the Yankees, as one writer puts it, "will be permitted to stew in their own railroad juice."

The capitalists of England are having their views extensively published, with the idea of bringing Gould's attention to the "honest way" as practised by English railway boards, and to the fact that they will no longer be put off with empty promises and fraudulent accounts. They threaten to strike American railroad securities off the list of investments unless a radical change is instituted. But it is evident that their acquaintance with Jay Gould is as yet very limited.

The latest idea advanced in connection with the agitation over the much talked of international copyright is as sensible as it is original. It is proposed to draw up a kind of treaty between England and the United States whereby English authors would be entitled to a percentage of the retail price of the works reproduced by American publishers. American authors would receive the same consideration in England, and the copyright in neither country would belong to any one publishing firm. As many firms would think it profitable to reprint the works and their only obligation would be to the authors for the percentage above mentioned.

On Advent Sunday, Nov. 27, an impressive and interesting scene will be witnessed at Flushing Meadows, when the funeral of the late Louis Napoleon, her husband, and the Prince Imperial, her son, will be taken from the Flushing Meadows, where he now lies, and will be reinterred in this chapel. The Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Patricia will probably be present on this occasion. The presence of Queen Victoria at the altar, although the incident to the event will doubtless again set adrift the rumor that the Empress Eugenie has succeeded in making her Catholic at heart. This is no more than a rumor. The Queen is very liberal-minded, and may be heard, when away from Windsor, worshipping more often in other churches than in those of the Episcopal faith.

William K. Vanderbilt, whose handsome home on Fifth avenue has so often challenged the powers of descriptive writers, has been ranging through the castles of the late Queen Victoria and selecting the choicest of the furniture they contain. The American millionaire appreciates the tastes in this line of the late extravagant monarch, and New York will be enriched with a selection of the XIV. century furniture which will charm the most fastidious who will be permitted to examine it. Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, wanted to purchase one of the castles, but royal protocol would not sanction the idea, although that same "honor" sees nothing wrong in the act of stooping to accept American money for the effects of the dead king. Vanderbilt has also been sitting in the armchair for his portrait. He is spending his money lavishly, but he gets an equivalent in return every time.

Mr. Persico, who was sent to Ireland on a special mission by the Pope and has just returned to Rome, a few days ago assisted at the consecration of the first Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey, at Roscrea. He has interviewed the Abbot, and has been very much gratified by the enthusiasm of the Abbot. He has also been very much gratified by the enthusiasm of the Abbot. He has also been very much gratified by the enthusiasm of the Abbot.

MISS FREEM TO ASSESS HER RIGHTS.

She Will Brave Arrest in the De Witt Memorial Church To-Night.

The inhabitants of the tenements in the immediate vicinity of De Witt Memorial Church, in Rivington street, are all agog over the expected arrest of Miss Rebecca Freeman, the active lady missionary, who so strongly asserts her rights, and, knowing them, maintains them.

"I am going to the prayer meeting to-night if nothing happens," said Miss Freeman to a World reporter this forenoon. "I have no interest in the matter except to test my rights as a citizen. I am not on the warpath, but I will defend my rights. I have not regularly attended the Tuesday night meetings, but I will to-night."

Have you prepared to give bail in the event of arrest? was asked. "I think that I will attend to it in that particular," she replied.

This is the evening when the regular prayer-meeting is held, and the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Eising, has said that he would have officers on hand to arrest Miss Freeman if she attempted to take part in the exercises.

Robbed the Prison Association.

Mark Flanagan presented a letter of recommendation on Oct. 17 last to Joseph Fisher, clerk in the office of the Prison Association at 135 East Fifteenth street, and asked for an overcoat. While Fisher was upstairs getting the coat Flanagan stole a package of jewelry from the office. He was held for trial at the Yorkville Police court today.

In the Police Drag-Net.

Joseph Harrison, twenty-seven years old, was found sick and delirious at 660 East Twenty-second street, this morning, and broke his right leg. He was taken to New York Hospital.

The network of electric wires on West 47th Street, set fire to last night, and the fire destroyed a large amount of property.

About 5 o'clock this morning, Edward Hines, a boatman from Greene County, N. Y., while trying to board his boat at the foot of Rivington street, fell overboard. He was rescued by Policemen John A. Moran, and was locked up on a charge of intoxication.

IT BLEW LOUDER AND LOUDER.

An Engineer on the Pennsylvania Road Unable to Stop a Whistle.

HIGHTSTOWN, Nov. 22.—Yesterday as the 8 o'clock passenger train from New York on the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad came dashing along within half a mile of Hightstown, Engineer White, the oldest of the fraternity on the division, blew the accustomed grade crossing signal, and to his utter amazement the whistle refused to cease blowing, but continued louder and louder as the train sped through the town. Citizens in the vicinity were alarmed and, fearing a terrific disaster, rushed to the Pennsylvania Depot, while the passengers of the train ran out on the car platforms, believing a terrible catastrophe was just ahead.

The train was stopped at the depot amid a large crowd, but still the shrieking whistle kept up its deafening yell. Engineer White was soon out on the foot-board and bravely tackled the howling whistle, but falling in this he hurried back into the cab and resumed the effort, but soon fell down unconscious, and was carried to the depot, when the company's physician, Dr. Rowe, gave the aged engineer temporary relief and placed him in one of the passenger coaches. Meantime the screecher kept up its hideous noise at top notch until the timely arrival of Engineer J. West stopped the iron monster's mouth. Mr. West also took White's place at the lever and ran the train to Camden.

YORK WAS NO PLACE FOR HIM.

An Old Man From the Country Mistaken Mail Van for Monkey Cages.

An amiable old gentleman, whose actions indicated that his life had been passed in parts remote from New York, walked along Broadway at early twilight a few evenings ago. He was apparently taking a lively interest in everything that he saw. While he was waiting for a chance to cross Canal street in safety, a big six-horse furniture van went rolling down the street. Following close behind were three mail wagons on their way to the Post-Office.

"For good sake," said the old man, "there's a circus come to town!" A boy stopped and tried to sell the old man a paper.

"Hey, boy," said the old man, catching the boy by the shoulder, "where's this here circus stayin'?"

"What circus?" asked the boy.

"Why, don't you see the monkey cages goin' down the street there?"

"Go, long on, then, them mail vans."

"Well, I'll be dogged!" said the old man. "Didn't know mail wagons from monkey cages!" At my age, too, I'll sell that car-load of notions and go home an' stay there. York's no place for me."

Speaking of Almond Meal.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox says:

Some years ago I gained knowledge of this wonderful and simple toilet necessity. Since then I have sung its praises to many ladies, and I do not hesitate to say that I have seen marvelous results from its use.

The face should be moistened with water and a tablespoonful of the meal rubbed thoroughly into the pores. It leaves the skin as soft as velvet, with a fine, impalpable and fragrant oil, which is the best preservative in the world.

It leaves the face kissable and sweet, too, and not in the least greasy. Any man who has ever detected a suspicion of toilet soap about the perfume of his wife's cheek I am sure would find the almond odor far more pleasing.

I know a lady past fifty who says the condition of her absolutely unlined and delicate skin is entirely due to the semi-daily application of almond meal for twenty years.

In closing my talk with ladies on this subject I would classify and sum up my advice something like this:

Train your features to composure, and avoid all grimacing habits.

Exercise much in the open air.

Use oils, creams and fruit freely in your diet.

Drink simple, blood-purifying herb teas frequently.

Do not wash your face oftener than once a day, but apply some harmless cream or meal at least twice a week.

If ignorantly Nature or jealous Time or a hot summer day necessitates the addition of a powder puff to your toilet articles, use it with discretion and moderation.

In addition to all this you must keep your mind busy, your thoughts cheerful and your soul free from bitterness if you would preserve a fresh, attractive exterior beyond the fleeting spring-time of youth.

We fully endorse the above, having prepared and sold ALMOND MEAL for MANY YEARS, and Elia Wheeler Wilcox's remarks have been particularly noted by us, as our customers, one and all, have invariably expressed the same opinion.

Riker's Perfumed Almond Meal, Riker's Perfumed Cold Cream, Riker's Harmless Face Powder, Riker's Vegetable Blood Purifier.

(A teaspoonful of which, taken night and morning, will keep the Blood pure and the Complexion clear and healthy.)

Insist on having Riker's in the original package. Do not allow any one to repackage you otherwise, you will be sure to get inferior quality.

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CHAMPION CARNEY IN TOWN.

IS HE HERE TO FORCE JACK MAULIFFE TO FIGHT HIM?

He Arrived at the Grand Central Depot Early this Morning—He Gives His Opinion of Mauliffe's Fighting—Dr. Hughes Says Mauliffe Wanted to Quit After the Tenth Round—Carney Gaining Weight.

A stoutly built figure, muffled up in a big overcoat with an old-fashioned English comforter round its neck, sprang off the train that rolled into the Forty-second street station this morning. It was Jack Carney, the light-weight champion of all England, and the way he grasped the hands of Billy Tracey, Al Smith and The World man made them all know he meant it.

Carney has run up seven pounds since the struggle on Revere Beach, and now scales 146 pounds in his clothes. He looks as sprightly and bright as a cherub, and the black about his left eye is fast disappearing.

On the way down to the Carleton House, where the sports breakfasted, Carney gave vent to his disgust at Mauliffe's fighting tactics and to the way he was robbed out of the fight.

"That's the last Queensberry fight I ever want," said the English champion. "What you said in The World yesterday was just right. Those rules are only for the amateurs, such contests as they have at St. James's Hall, in London. Why, if that fellow had been fighting me under London prize ring rules, I'd have beat him in an hour in spite of his running away. Mauliffe is the greatest cur I ever saw. In five hours he never fought me but one good rally, and how I hoped he would come to the middle and go on one more or two more, or I'd have shut up his two eyes bloody quick."

"What was the matter with you those first few rounds? I wrote in my report you were stale or throwing off, I didn't know which."

"I was stale, I wasn't quarter the man I was when I met Mitchell and I didn't have half the chance. I wasn't allowed to do a bit of in-fighting. Mitchell was a good game fellow, and while he didn't rush in foolishly, as you know, for you was my time-keeper in that fight, he fought like a man. Mauliffe was the worst I ever saw. Why he'd cry I was gouging him when I hit him in the eye with my knuckle."

"The idea of my hitting him? I haven't got any teeth. He butted me once a good one between the eyes, and to look out, and not get that again I screwed my head, and he hit it, and then it was he cried he was hit."

"A report in The World was the first one that was correct, and Patsy Sheppard sends on his best regards."

"I was wrong in that fight. Con Mauliffe pushed me back half a dozen times, and struck me once. I was kicked in the shins, too, in my opponent's corner."

"Mauliffe talks very kind now about wanting to fight me. You heard me ask him to the scratch fifty times during that five hours. He wasn't so anxious to fight me then."

"No," put in Tracey, "he did a lot of smiling the first half-hour, but he was dreadfully rest of that five hours he was trying to get a record for distance running."

"I hear Con Mauliffe wants to get at me," broke in Smith. "I hope I'll see him before long."

"Are you going to do anything in regards to fighting it out?" asked the reporter of Carney.

"I'm on here for pleasure," was Carney's answer, but the grimy way he said it and the looks exchanged by Smith and Tracey left plenty of room for surmise.

"I don't get it," I said, "but I'm in front of me if I had a leg chain," said Carney.

"Why, his friend, Dr. Hughes," again broke in Al Smith, "told me Mauliffe wanted to quit in the tenth round, because he said his stomach was going."

"It isn't that," a proposition will be sent Mauliffe by prominent uptown sports to meet Carney in private at short notice.

WALKING PREFERRED.

For the Reason That the Last Elevator She Was in Stuck to the Roof.

(From the San Francisco Atlas.)

She was a tall angelic lady of uncertain age. Her long, sleek, black hair and black dress imparted a sombre appearance to her which was heightened by the weeds which long use had made a necessary part of her dress. It was a six-story building and the particular room which the lady wanted was on the top floor. She thought she would ask the elevator man, but then the idea struck her that it might meet with an accident.

"Is that elevator safe?" she asked a bystander.

"Quite, ma'am," was the reply.

"Don't stick up in the roof, do it?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Do you ever have any difficulty with it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do anybody have any difficulty with it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Where did you say Mr. O'Connell's room was?"

"Sixth story, ma'am; you'll be confounded tired if you walk it."

"Well, I guess I'll wait," she said.

"We often meet with that kind," said the elevator man to the reporter, who was a passenger.

"It's very common, and yet I don't believe I've ever seen a man think twice before going up."

"The other day a man went up with me who was about sixty-seven years of age. He had travelled over the greater part of the known world, but it was the first time he had ever been in New York."

"Why, sir, he felt obliged about so much going up to the roof as he did, and when he wanted to go down stairs again he asked me to coax him out of that fever to take the elevator." "Yes," he said, "it's very convenient, I've no doubt, but it's eternal risk."

Nineteenth Century Superstition.

Is this a world of superstition, anyway? Yesterday the no-means phenomenal visibility of a star in daytime was the occasion of a widespread alarm of wild talk. At any other time Venus, appearing to rival the sun in her dazzling brightness, would have attracted little or no notice. But because it happened at a time when the public mind was absorbed in the exciting events going on at Chicago, the result was a general panic.

The star in the west, in many instances, was talked among them, on a memorable occasion, as the first time he had ever been in New York. Why, sir, he felt obliged about so much going up to the roof as he did, and when he wanted to go down stairs again he asked me to coax him out of that fever to take the elevator. "Yes," he said, "it's very convenient, I've no doubt, but it's eternal risk."

Not Much of a Baby.

A little Boston maiden was taken by her mother to call on a friend and shown into the nursery.

"Ma'am," said the little American disdainfully, "I don't think much of that baby, do you?"

"Why, surely," replied the astonished mother, "don't you think it a pretty little thing?"

"Pretty enough, but it don't eat with a fork."

The One Thing Needful.

Book Agent—I have some large family bibles, mum, I'd like to show you. The prints are very large.

Young man—Never mind about the print; if they're big enough to press the autumn leaves I'll take one.

RIKER'S

PERFUMED

ALMOND MEAL

An elegant and effective preparation for

Whitening, Softening and Beautifying

THE SKIN

For removing Tan, Discolorations or any Impurities, it will be found far superior to the numerous lotions, soaps, pomades, etc. It is also very harmless, and for its great use is far preferable to the Best Toilet Soap. It always leaves the skin soft, clear and beautiful. For its elegant metal case, with hinge cover, containing quarter pound each.

Price 20 cents

ELIGANTLY PERFUMED GOLD CREAM.

RIKER'S VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER.

140 DOSES.

One dose night and morning will keep the BLOOD PURE and COMPLEXION CLEAR and HEALTHY.

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FACE POWDER.

Approved by the Medical Profession, Indorsed by the Leading Dermatologists and Hygienists, and highly commended by all who have used it for its absolute purity and its perfect results.

FACE POWDER is an article of the toilet in use by almost every lady, and of which it has been heretofore impossible to obtain a satisfactory and ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS preparation. We warrant ours to be such. Any and all the following reasons for the superiority of our Powder over all others.

IT DOES NOT IMPROVE THE FREE ACTION OF THE PORES.

It contains neither Lead, Arsenic, Bismuth nor other metallic substances to poison the skin.

It contains no Chloro, Magnesia, or other harsh ingredients to dry or irritate the skin.

It is impossible to detect it on the face by the closest examination.

It is "smooth" and easy, and stays on so much longer than any other.

It is soft on the skin, and healthy, preventing those hideous little "black worms."

It can be removed from the skin without using water.

Prepared in Five Distinct Shades, to Suit All Complexions.

FLESH OR WHITE, Suits the Majority.

WHITE, Suits the Florid.

PINK, Suits the Pallid.

BRUNETTE, Suits the Dark.

YELLOW, Suitable for Fainting.

Being particularly adapted to sunlight, under which it imparts a peculiarly beautiful appearance to the complexion.

It is put in a LARGE, handsome and convenient box.

INSIST ON HAVING RIKER'S

IN THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE.

NO OTHERS CAN COMPARE WITH THEM.

Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers throughout the United States. ANY druggist refuses to supply you, you can BE SURE of getting what you want, if you call on THE DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS, WM. B. RIKER & SON, 505 Broadway, New York.

LABORATORIES: 505 Broadway, New York, and 55, 57 and 59 Clarkson St., N. Y.

Descriptive Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application.

DRESS PATTERNS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

Offer this week twenty-five hundred Dress Patterns, suitable for Holiday Gifts, at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$5.00 and \$7.50 each; every pattern contains a full dress length of strictly all wool material and are positively the best value we have ever offered.

A separate counter has been assigned for the above, where may also be found rare bargains in odd lengths and remnants of plain and fancy Dress Goods, marked much below cost. The advantage of an early selection is apparent.

Broadway and 11th St.

"Your Son George is in That Ticker."

(From Valparaiso.)

The son of a London merchant started six months ago on a long-lost uncle in India. When he had been gone for some time a letter came saying that he had found the missing relative, who had kindly received him. A few weeks later came a message from the uncle himself announcing the premature death of his nephew, and adding that he would have the body sent home to England by the next mail. By the next Indian steamer was met on the arrival in London, and on board, sure enough, was an enormous case which was the first time he had ever been in New York.

And then again, because of a whole pile of papers, were seen flying around over the city during the day the first time he had ever been in New York.

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